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MEMORIAL SERVICES

AT THE

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF

Leslie's Expedition to Salem,

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1775,

ON

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1875,

BY THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF SALEM.

SALEM, MASS.,
1875.

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SALEM, Mass.
— Memorial services at the centennial anniversary of Leslie's expedition to Salem, Sunday, February 26, 1775, on Friday, February 26, 1875, by the city authorities of Salem. Salem, Mass., 1875.
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ACTION OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

ACTION OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen, on Saturday, Feb. 13, 1875, the Mayor sent in a communication setting forth the propriety of commemorating, in a suitable manner, the one hundredth anniversary of Lieut.-Colonel Leslie's expedition to Salem, on Sunday, February 26, 1775, to capture some cannon purporting to be stored in the vicinity of the North bridge. The forcible resistance at this point, to the progress of the Royal troops, the compromise of Lieut.-Colonel Leslie, after considerable discussion, and the withdrawal of the troops and return to Boston without accomplishing the object intended, have great significance in this the opening drama of the Revolution.

The communication was favorably received, and the following order was unanimously adopted; viz.:

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, CITY OF SALEM,
February 13th, 1875.

ORDERED:

That a Joint Special Committee, consisting of His Honor the Mayor, and Aldermen Ide and Stowe on the part of this Board, with such as the Common Council may join, be appointed to consider and report what arrangements if any should be made for a proper observance of the approaching centennial anniversary of the opening of the Revolutionary war at North bridge in Salem.

IN BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN,
February 13th, 1875.

Order adopted and sent to Common Council for concurrence and to be joined.

HENRY M. MEEK, CLERK.

IN COMMON COUNCIL,
February 18, 1875.

Adopted in concurrence, and Messrs. Hill, Riley and Huntington joined to the committee, and leave granted the committee to sit during the session of the Council this evening.

E. N. WALTON, CLERK.

The Mayor submitted the following report:

IN CITY COUNCIL, CITY OF SALEM,
February 18, 1875.

The Joint Special Committee appointed to see what arrangements if any, should be made for a proper observance of the approaching centennial anniversary of Leslie's Retreat, would respectfully

REPORT.

That it is advisable that the occasion be celebrated in an appropriate manner, and would therefore recommend that the national flag be displayed on all public buildings ; that the bells of the city be rung at sunrise, noon and sunset, one-half hour each ; that a salute of one hundred guns be fired at noon ; and that suitable exercises, including an address, be held at the North Church, at two and one-half o'clock in the afternoon. Your committee further recommend the adoption of the following order.

For the Committee,
HENRY L. WILLIAMS, CHAIRMAN.

ORDERED,

That the Joint Special Committee having under consideration the proposed celebration on the 26th inst., be authorized and instructed to perfect and carry out the recommendations made in their report, and that the expense thereof be charged to the Mayor and Aldermen's Department.

IN BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN,
February 18, 1875.

Report accepted, order adopted and sent down for concurrence.

HENRY M. MEEK, CLERK.

IN COMMON COUNCIL,
February 18, 1875.

Concurred.

E. N. WALTON, CLERK.

IN CITY COUNCIL, CITY OF SALEM,
March 8, 1875.

ORDERED,

That the thanks of the City Council be tendered to the Hon. Geo. B. Loring and Rev. E. B. Willson for their able and interesting addresses at the centennial commemoration of Leslie's Retreat, and that they be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

ORDERED,

That the thanks of the City Council be tendered to Mr. M. Fenollosa and the members of the Salem Oratorio Society for their valuable services on that occasion.

ORDERED,

That the "Joint Standing Committee on Printing" be instructed to cause to be printed five hundred copies of the exercises held at North Church, on the afternoon of February 26th, 1875, and that the expense of the same be charged to the Mayor and Aldermen's Department.

IN BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN,
March 8, 1875.

Orders adopted and sent down for concurrence.

HENRY M. MEEK, CLERK.

IN COMMON COUNCIL,
March 22, 1875.

Concurred.

E. N. WALTON, CLERK.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

The contents of the following pages might, perhaps, have been left to introduce themselves to the reader. To here and there one, however, a few explanatory words may seem necessary.

The first centenary of the Republic is just coming full. The series of events beginning with the passage from peaceful debate to open conflict early in 1775 and ending with the transition from war to peace again in 1783, are at this time recalling themselves to the grateful remembrance of the people of the country. The border line between argument and war was almost exactly drawn through the 26th of February, 1775, by occurrences at Salem which could scarcely be classed as belonging to either the one or the other of these methods of contest. The doings of that day hardly come under the designation of pacific discussion, though here were parleying, argument and appeal to moral obligation. They could hardly be denominated acts of war, though

here were swords, bayonets and marshalled soldiers in arms, on the one part, and an open, hostile stand on the other, of so threatening an aspect, that the soldiers of the English King turned back from a military expedition on which they had been sent by the Governor who represented the English King in Massachusetts, their orders unexecuted ; and here was made the first real push of steel, though but hesitatingly and in a spirit of indecision ; nor yet starting the full flow of blood that could not be stanched. It may be considered the last defiant menace, or the first battle ; and about as fairly one as the other.

It was a memorable day, not only for Salem but for the colonies. It showed the temper of the people, satisfying those whom it concerned to know, on either side, that they would not flinch in the presence of loaded muskets and naked sword blades. It foreshadowed the day, as near, when the guns and swords would come to strenuous use. It fell just short of being the Concord or the Lexington of the Revolution, but only for want of the reckless word from the British commander, which at Lexington applied the match.

As the affair at our North Bridge lacked the dramatic interest of the more pronounced and conspicuous events of the 19th of April, and as its centennial anniversary was so soon to be followed by the more notable demonstrations of patriotic feeling preparing at Concord and Lexington, it was thought by the Government and citizens of Salem, a day neither to be passed over in silence and altogether without public recognition on the one hand, nor on the other as requiring a general notice and summons to the country at large to attend.

In accordance with this estimate of its importance, a programme of celebration was determined upon by a Committee of the Municipal Government appointed for this purpose. Under the direction of this committee, the national flag was displayed on all public buildings ; the bells of the city were rung at sunrise, noon and sunset, one-half hour each ; a salute of one hundred guns was fired at noon ; and a public assembly and addresses, with religious and patriotic services at the North meeting-house, constituted the most prominent feature of the day's celebration. The musical exercises at the church were under the

direction of Mr. M. Fenollosa, and the singing was by a choir selected from the Salem Oratorio Society. The order of exercises is here inserted, and the addresses by His Honor, Mayor Henry L. Williams, Hon. George B. Loring and Rev. E. B. Willson are contained in the pages which follow.

EXERCISES AT THE NORTH CHURCH.

PROGRAMME.

I. VOLUNTARY.

II. PRAYER.

III. ORIGINAL ODE.

BY MISS L. L. A. VERY.

Leslie's Retreat, sounding far through the years!
Their footsteps are marching, marching to-day;
Gone are the trials, privations and fears
Our ancestors bore 'neath England's proud sway.
Sown in War's furrows with blood and with tears,
The harvest of Peace we are reaping to-day.

Cho.—The first shot of Freedom to-day we repeat!
Here's to the mem'ry of Leslie's Retreat!
A health to the brave ones of old!

Back from our borders by land and by sea,
Born unto freedom, we turn back the feet,
Feet of oppressors, whoe'er they may be,
They'll march to the tune of "Leslie's Retreat!"
Back from our borders by land and by sea,
We turn back oppressors, whoe'er they may be.

Cho.—The first shot of Freedom to-day we repeat!
Here's to the mem'ry of Leslie's Retreat,
A health to the brave ones of old!

Between wrong and right let us e'er draw the line,
Though poverty 's here,—there, red coats so fine;
When Georges send down their mandates so wise,
Our North Bridge shall rival the famed *Bridge of Sighs.*
Cherish the names of the brave and the true,—
Barnard, and Sprague, and Pickering, too.

Cho.—The first shot of Freedom to-day we repeat!
Here's to the mem'ry of Leslie's Retreat!
A health to the brave ones of old!

IV. ADDRESS.

BY THE MAYOR.

V. ADDRESS.

BY HON. G. B. LORING.

VI. NATIONAL SONG.

Noble Republic! happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations, Columbia stands—
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of Liberty daily arise.
"United we stand, divided we fall"—
"Union forever"—freedom to all!

Cho.—Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Long live America, home of the free.

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead, withered his hand;
Shame, be his mem'ry; scorn, be his lot;
Exile, his heritage; his name, a blot.
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Granting a home and freedom to all.

To all her heroes—Justice and Fame.
To all her foes—a traitor's foul name.
Our "stripes and stars" still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of liberty, flag of the brave!
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.—*Cho.*

VII. ADDRESS.

BY REV. E. B. WILLSON.

VIII. MUSIC.—AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathes partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

ADDRESS BY MAYOR WILLIAMS.

ADDRESS.

On the 26th of February, 1775, three hundred British troops, under the command of Lt. Col. Leslie, came from Boston, under orders from Gov. Gage, to seize and take possession of a number of cannon belonging to Salem and her citizens.

The Hon. Richard Derby, a patriotic citizen and a member of the Legislative body, was one of the owners of the guns ; and when asked to intercede with Capt. Mason for their delivery, said,—"If they can find them, they can take them." On the arrival of messengers from Marblehead, announcing the arrival of the British troops from Boston and their departure for Salem, bells were immediately rung, drums were beat and alarm guns fired to inform the people of the movement.

The British troops left Marblehead between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at Salem about four. This move of the British

army was the first open invasion of the rights and freedom of the people, and brought out in broad daylight the first actual resistance in arms to the Royal authority of the crown. In the month of October previous, Gov. Gage, finding the people of Boston disloyal, determined to remove the Colonial Assembly to Salem; but here he found no better state of feeling, and endeavored to prorogue them even before they were in session. The assembly did meet, however, and resolved themselves into the *first* provincial Congress, which Congress subsequently carried our struggling country safely through the Revolutionary War. To this Congress Salem loaned, on the 15th of January, 1775, three cannon; these guns were probably a part of those sought for by Col. Leslie.

On arrival of the British troops at North bridge, they found the draw hoisted and a great crowd of armed people present. The demonstration plainly told them that thus far they could go and no farther,—any attempted advance would be fatal to the command,—the deliberate, determined spirit of resistance on the part of our fathers forbade any further encroachment upon their

rights as freemen, and if need be their lives would be given for their country. Seeing such a position of affairs, Col. Leslie very wisely acted upon the old proverb, that "discretion will preserve us, understanding will keep us," and retreated from the presence of the brave men whom he had signally failed to drive from their position at North bridge. Col. Leslie hurried home to tell his commander of the complete failure of his expedition to Salem. For this defeat, 'tis said, Col. Leslie was court-martialed.

This deliberate, open resistance by our townsmen to the decree of the crown took place about seven weeks before the resistance at Lexington and Concord.

Salem has ever been ready to appropriately notice anniversaries of prominent events; there have been many such here, local in their character, yet possessing their significance. We have now come to those of a national character, such as cannot fail to fill our hearts with gratitude to Almighty God for his guidance and his blessings through the hundred years since our country's birth,—a nation commencing in 1775, with thirteen States, covering eight hundred thousand

square miles, and a population of three million people, now grown to thirty-seven States and twelve territories, covering three million five hundred thousand square miles, and with a population of more than forty millions.

In the North meeting-house, in Salem, three prominent events have been commemorated. The first was in 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of that Independence which sprang from the noble spirit of such as stood at North bridge in 1775. The second was in 1828, the bi-centennial of the landing of Gov. Endicott at Salem; an eloquent address was delivered upon that occasion by Joseph Story, one of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States. The third was in 1872, the centennial anniversary of the founding of this church, when an address was delivered by the pastor, Rev. E. B. Willson.

We have now come to the fourth celebration in this church, transcending all others in its private and national significance, reminding us, as it does, of the *first* successful effort to throw off the yoke that could no longer be borne. The 26th of February, 1775, was the dawning of freedom on this continent; the day-star of Lib-

erty had already arisen, and an independent people stood before the world.

No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood can ever lead this nation to forget the spot where its infancy first was cradled.

ADDRESS BY HON. GEORGE B. LORING.

ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens :

The importance and value of historical events are not to be estimated by their magnitude, but by their significance. The broadest conquests, the most daring invasions, the most imposing array of advancing armies, before whose achievements the civilized world may have paused in wonder and admiration, have found a place in history so small that only the curious and the studious count them worthy of even a passing consideration; while a blow struck at a telling moment, a word uttered in a decisive hour, a spark falling where the waiting embers lie, may open an immortal conflict, or set the world ablaze with a new and radiant chapter of human endeavor. The incident which has called us together this afternoon, and whose anniversary is the commencement of a most interesting and important series of national ceremonials intended to indicate the high value set upon the opening scenes

of the American Revolution, was hardly entitled in its day to the honor of an exact and reliable record. It is not easy, now, at the close of the first century since its occurrence, to give it a precise narration. A casual mention in cotemporaneous history, a fleeting paragraph in a newspaper, constitute all the annals which its actors and eye-witnesses considered it to be worthy of. Had it not been preceded by a century and a half of human sacrifice, and suffering, and lofty demand, and high assertion, out of which it grew, it would have been forgotten long ago. Had it not been attended by a resolute purpose, and followed by great achievement, it would have been consigned to oblivion, and looked upon as trivial, even by those who took part in the performance. But now we pause to contemplate it, we linger around it, we rehearse its simple story, warmed by the memory of the heroism out of which it grew, inspired by the spirit which animated it, charmed by the greatness of the day and generation to which it belongs.

It is as an event in a long-continued career of individual and popular greatness, that the conflict at North bridge becomes interesting and import-

ant,—a career in which Salem had from the beginning stood foremost. Here it was that the combined efforts of England and the American colonies to establish the Anglo-Saxon power on this continent, and of the Puritan element of that day to engraft the spirit and genius of progressive, English theology and ecclesiasticism in the new world, had found most useful support. Here Endicott led the way in the work of rejecting the whole constitution of the English Establishment ; and while ordering the two Councillors John and Samuel Browne back to England because they opposed this secession from the National Establishment, had sustained the ministers, who declared "that they came away from the Common Prayer and ceremonies, and had suffered much for their non-conformity in their native land, and therefore being in a place where they might have their liberty, they neither could nor would use them, because they judged the imposition of these things to be sinful corruptions in the word of God." Here Higginson drew up "a confession of faith and church covenant according to Scripture," and here with Christian devotion he displayed his holy zeal, his distin-

guished talents, acquirements and scholarship, until he fell an early victim of the hardship and suffering of the colony. Here Roger Williams, the original come-outer, had refused communion with all but such as would make proclamation of their repentance for having formerly partaken the elements with communicants of the Church of England, had declared that the magistrate might not punish the breach of the Sabbath, had stirred up Plymouth and Salem alternately, and had found repose in Providence. Here was the early colonial home of Winthrop, and Dudley, and Saltonstall, and Bradstreet, and Pynchon, who never forgot the toils and trials of the colony at Naumkeag. It was from the prosperous merchants of this town that Sir William Pepperell had received his most efficient aid in that expedition against Louisburg, whose fall "filled Europe with astonishment and America with joy," and was the first fatal blow at the power of France on this continent. Here it was that at the very commencement of the hostilities between the Colonies and Great Britain, the people had zealously, and fearlessly, and consistently sustained the cause of freedom. It was especially in this

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last event that Salem performed a conspicuous part, and won for herself such an important position, that the resistance at North bridge was at the time especially significant, as an example and an appeal to the Commonwealth and the country. In a thriving commercial emporium, which had been tempted with royal offers of peculiar commercial privileges, and had been made the seat of the colonial government, the first step to disarm the colonies, met with prompt and successful resistance, even at the risk of swift destruction on land and on sea. The history of the part Salem performed in that hour when the whole country was responding to the patriotic voice of Boston, and the great charity of the land was open for the support of her suffering inhabitants, is so interesting, and so necessary in order to give a proper understanding of the stand made at North bridge, that, even though a tale twice told, I must rehearse it here.

From the time when resistance to the Stamp Act and the Port Bill commenced, to that when Parliament declared that it would "interdict all commerce with Americans, and protect the loyal,

and declare all others traitors and rebels;" and Gage had determined to seize and destroy all stores of arms and munitions of war found in the colony, Salem had taken an active part,—not, however, without some diversion of sentiment among her people, in which patriotism had always prevailed. Her two representatives in the provincial Congress, William Brown and Peter Frye, voted, it is true, to sustain the order of the King, to rescind a circular sent by Massachusetts to the other colonies in opposition to the duty imposed by Parliament on paper, glass, painters' colors and teas; but the people here voted to thank the "glorious ninety-two" who voted not to obey the King, "for their firmness in maintaining our just rights and liberties." When General Gage determined to remove the trade from Boston to Salem, forty-eight of our merchants "commended to him the trade and welfare of the town;" but one hundred and twenty-five patriots declared in written address, that they had common cause with the oppressed city, and would in no way take advantage of the prohibition of her trade. On the 7th of June, 1774, the Provincial Congress assembled in Salem

under order from Governor Gage. But he fared no better here than he had in Boston before the pressure of public sentiment ; for on the 17th of June, ten days after assembling, they resolved that a general Congress was necessary, and that they proceed to choose delegates. They protested against the arbitrary order for the removal of the assembly to Salem. Samuel Adams was among them ; and he never slumbered nor slept until he had succeeded in securing the election of Bowdoin, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Cushing, and Robert Treat Paine, as delegates to the General Congress to assemble at Philadelphia on the first day of September. The Assembly sitting in Salem was immediately dissolved by Gage, whose secretary read the proclamation on the stairs leading to the hall of meeting, finding it impossible to gain admission. This event occurred in the Town House, erected in 1718, and "situated on Essex street, next to and westward of the First Church."

The people of Salem, filled with the fervor which inspired the whole country, had now taken matters into their own hands. They chose delegates in town meeting to attend the convention

in Ipswich, and declared that "we hold our liberties too dear to be sported with, and are thereupon most seriously determined to support them." They called on Peter Frye to apologize for issuing a warrant to prosecute the committee who allowed the town-meeting, and to agree to hold no commission under the new act of Parliament; and "he gave his assent." They waited on William Brown, and demanded of him to resign his offices of counsellor and judge; he agreed to act with "honor and integrity." They required William Vans and others, who had signed an address to Governor Hutchinson approving of his course, to explain and apologize for such conduct. They opened their arms to receive the Provincial Legislature, which met in Salem, Oct. 5th, in disregard of the order of Governor Gage, and protected them, until they adjourned to meet in Concord. They resolved that their collectors of taxes should pay "no more money to Harrison Gray, the province treasurer." And they freely offered of their substance for the support of their suffering brethren in Boston.

The winter of 1774–5 came on. The gulf between the colonies and the mother country

grew deeper and deeper continually. Gage had grown weary of endeavoring to control the Provincial Assembly of Massachusetts, and had proceeded to fortify Boston. Twenty thousand volunteers from the inland counties had marched towards Boston, on the seizure of powder and field pieces in Medford, and had sorrowfully dispersed, because they were told that "the hour had not yet come." "Outside of Boston, the king's rule was at an end." All attempts of the crown judges to hold courts in the province failed. Oliver, the impeached chief justice, had declared it impossible to exercise his office, as none would act as jurors. The Suffolk Convention had met, and under the lead of Warren, to whom Samuel Adams, who was now in Congress, had entrusted the guidance of affairs in Massachusetts, had resolved "that the sovereign who breaks his compact with his people, forfeits their allegiance. By their duty to God, their country, themselves and posterity, they pledged the country to maintain their civil and religious liberties, and to transmit them entire to future generations. They rejected as unconstitutional the regulating act of Parliament, and

all the officers appointed under its authority. Attributing to the British commander-in-chief hostile intentions, they directed the collector of taxes to pay over no money to the treasurer whom he recognized. They advised the towns to elect for themselves officers of their militia, from such as were inflexible friends of the rights of the people. For purposes of Provincial government they advised a Provincial Congress which promised respect and submission to Continental Congress." "They determined to act towards Great Britain on the defensive, so long as such conduct might be vindicated by reason and the principles of self-preservation, but no longer."

Congress, too, had met; and Patrick Henry, and Samuel Adams, and John Adams, and George Washington, and John Rutledge, and Richard Henry Lee, and Roger Sherman, had declared that "an entire new government must be founded," and that "our ancestors found here no government, and as a consequence had a right to make their own." In support of this, the eloquence of Patrick Henry burst like a torrent from his native hills. By his side stood the

accomplished and intrepid Lee. The right arm of Washington was nerved at once for the great service which soon devolved upon him. John Adams, acute, impassioned, learned from the best New England schools, bore the cause on through all opposition; while Samuel Adams, "although by no means remarkable for brilliant qualities," carried the great proposition home to the people, and with a skill no faction could resist, gave to the opening revolution all the tone and manliness and uncompromising resolve of his own undaunted spirit.

It was the month of February, 1775. On that month, Chatham presented his "conciliatory measure" in Parliament, which satisfied Franklin, and which Jefferson approved, but of which Samuel Adams, the wary and far-sighted, said: "Let us take care, lest instead of a thorn in the foot, we have a dagger in the heart." On that month, Massachusetts was declared by Parliament to be in rebellion; although Wilkes declared that "a fit and proper resistance is a revolution, not a rebellion." On that month, the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts appointed a committee of eleven, to take possession of

the warlike stores in the province, and to muster so many of the militia as they should judge necessary. On that month, of a winter mild and beautiful beyond comparison, the people of New England turned their grateful hearts to God, as they recognized the "gracious interposition of heaven," amidst all their trials and sufferings; and listened with renewed courage to the words of cheer which came to them from the farmers of the Mohawk and Hudson, from "the dwellers on the waters of the Shenandoah," from the adventurers in the valley of Kentucky, from the sunny South, and even from the despotic shores of Europe. On that month, the event took place which we now commemorate, and which derives its significance and importance from its connection with the great struggle which I have brought before your minds. Leslie's expedition was one of the measures adopted by Gov. Gage to disarm the people of Massachusetts, who were now preparing to strike for their freedom. It belongs to that series of events of which the seizures at Medford and Newport were successful, and of which the march to Concord and Lexington furnished one of the

great events of history. It was a victory of American citizens over their oppressors, a victory won by that intrepidity and resolution which at last gave us our freedom. A single paragraph in history records the tale. But as we read the list of our townsmen who took their fearless stand there, we find names which should be enrolled by the side of those who fell at Lexington and Concord, as ready to do or die for their country, armed with jealous care against the first approaches of the foe and oppressor.

The "committee of eleven" appointed by the Provincial Congress to take possession of the warlike stores of the province, had been active in the discharge of their duty, in spite of the spies of Gov. Gage, who watched them at every corner. Among the many little collections of the rude and primitive ordnance of the times, which they made in various parts of the province, there were seventeen cannon received in Salem, and placed under the care of Captain David Mason, a painter, electrician, lecturer, a patriotic mechanic, a citizen, and soldier,—one of that class who closed the workshops of New England during the darkness of the war, and returned not until the

light of freedom broke over the land. Captain Mason had employed Robert Foster, a blacksmith, whose shop stood near the spot, to mount these guns on carriages for the use of the province. A journeyman of Foster's, acting as a spy for Governor Gage, betrayed the secret to the British authorities in Boston, on Saturday afternoon, the 25th of February. Gage had not forgotten his recent troubles in Salem—the Congress there—the town meeting—the choice of delegates to the General Congress — the few stormy months of his residence among us. He was in hot haste to intimidate the rebellious town ; and he ordered Colonel Leslie to leave Castle William, in Boston harbor, the following morning, with a body of men sufficient to seize and remove the guns.

It was the early dawn of a Sabbath morning, at that season of the year when all nature is wrapt in repose, that a transport filled with armed men, cast off from the wharf at Castle William. In the gray morning light no other object was astir. The waters of the deserted harbor, bound with icy shores, lay without a ripple, as if the frost-king had already laid his

hand upon them and fixed them there. The tall and motionless mast of an English man-of-war stood sentinel over the scene. The oppressed and down-trodden city was wrapt in the depth of morning slumber, the aching and defiant hearts there all at rest. The transport passed on; and as the sun rose with cold, reluctant ray upon that wintry landscape, she shot out from among the islands in the harbor, and turned her course along the headlands which mark the northern shore of Massachusetts Bay. At high noon of a short midwinter day, the vessel with its accursed freight rounded the rocky point of Marblehead and came to anchor. The steersman lounged lazily at the tiller; two or three men paced her deserted deck. The short "interim of divine worship," which the Puritan allowed himself, was ended, and the church bells of Marblehead had summoned the inhabitants to their afternoon devotion. The last notes of the opening psalm had hardly died away, when the sound of drum and fife was heard in the streets, and three hundred armed men, the freight which that mysterious vessel had landed at Homan's Cove, met the gaze of the astonished worship-

pers. With a quick, impassioned supplication for their country, the pastors sent forth their flocks to watch the course of the invaders.

Their steps were turned towards Salem. Suspecting the object of the visit, Major John Pedrick "hastened hither to give the alarm." Leslie and his troops marched on, over the then sparsely settled road between Marblehead and Salem, passed the Derby mansion, which then stood alone in the "south fields," and defiled along the crooked carriage path, occupying at that time the place of the present broad and beautiful southern avenue to our city. On reaching the South bridge, they were obliged to stop and repair the damage done there by the inhabitants to arrest their progress. Having accomplished this, the advance guard marched easterly towards Long, now Derby wharf, while the main body advanced towards the Court House, on Essex street, thence up Court, now Washington street, and down Lynde street towards North bridge.

The inhabitants of Salem were already aroused. A body of people had gathered in front of the First Church, where the youthful Dunbar had

just implored the divine blessing on his country, and where the heart of the venerable Barnard lingered and worshipped as he lay upon his paralytic bed. The younger Barnard, who had just commenced at the North Church a long career of piety, usefulness, large patriotism and unbounded faith in Christ and his teachings, which gave peculiar lustre to that now ancient pulpit; who in the earliest days of the Revolution wrote, as a prophet, to Judge Curwen what the latter was pleased to call "fancies and delusions" with regard to the "power, strength, grandeur and prowess, by sea and land, of the American people," "their policy, patriotism, industry, progress in the useful arts, and their fixed determination to withstand the attacks of tyranny," had dismissed his congregation and had repaired with them to the scene of action. In the East Church, the Rev. James Diman closed the Scriptures which he had expounded to that people for nearly forty years, blessed his congregation, and departed to join his townsmen in arms. Antipas Stewart, the school-master, who read the Church service on that afternoon at St. Peter's, hastened through the first lesson,

and then led his hearers to the fight. The streets of the town, just now so silent, were suddenly filled with an anxious crowd, in Sunday attire, inquiring of each other what these things meant.

But one man in the multitude was ready to point out to Leslie the way to North bridge. Samuel Porter, a lawyer, recently from Ipswich, used his cane for that purpose, and then retired with it to be heard of no more. We have no account of his evening walk. The Hon. Richard Derby, who owned a part of the cannon, when requested to exert his influence for their surrender, replied,—"Find them if you can: take them if you can: they will never be surrendered."—A privilege of doubtful utility in such an hour.

Leslie and his men arrived at North bridge attended by a concourse of people, a few of whom were armed, to find the draw raised to prevent his further progress. He and his men were silent, sullen and somewhat impatient "to close the difficult mission," evidently fearful of bloodshed. A dense mass of people hovered around his troops on one side of the river, and on the other was Timothy Pickering with forty

militia, and ranks increasing, ready to dispute his advance should he cross the stream. Captain Mason had meanwhile conveyed the ordnance to a thicket back of Devereux's hill, a mile's march from the water. The aspect of the popular leaders there was such as to remove all hope of trifling. Pickering, who had just been chosen Colonel of the First Regiment, in place of William Brown, whose officers had resigned on account of their attachment to the royal cause, confronted the invaders from the opposite bank, with a port and mien which few men, during his long and active life, dared resist. John Felt, who had quietly "kept close to Leslie every step from the Court House," and whose name should be recorded for the admiration of all time, as that of a man whose self-possession and courage did not desert him in an hour of danger, whose eye and voice did not fail when death stared him in the face, who possessed all his faculties without undue agitation and concern when the time required him to be most a man, whose presence by the side of the invader was like the power of an opposing army, — John Felt stood there, a pillar of indignant humanity,

beyond which those men dared not pass. He calmly suggested to Leslie that a struggle with the people would instantly awake a personal conflict between themselves, in which the life of one or both should be sacrificed. When Leslie threatened to fire on the people, he said to him, "you had better not fire; you have no right to fire without further orders, and if you do fire you are all dead men." "For there," said Felt, pointing to the dense mass of his townsmen on the shore, "is a multitude, every man of whom is ready to die in this strife." James Barr, too, will always be remembered as he who, unarmed, leaped into his "gundalo," and scuttled her with an axe, when the enemy proposed to use her in crossing the stream. These men all faced instant death, with a fearlessness which disarmed their foes, and gave them a charmed life, instead of the early martyrdom which they were ready to suffer, for their country, with its immortal renown. Jonas Parker fell on the green at Lexington, having made a solemn vow never to run from British troops; and as his spirit ascended to heaven, his name was recorded high in the temple of

fame for the admiration of all men, and as an example for his people. Let us write the name of John Felt there, by its side, as of him who taught the men of Lexington how to face a foe.

The people had now become excessively exasperated. They heaped abuse upon the troops, as myrmidons of King George, who had come to murder an unarmed and defenceless people, whose wives and children appealed silently to them for mercy. They claimed the right to defend their own highway and their own property; and they vowed to do it, even unto death. The assistants of Barr and Felt had been wounded by the bayonets of the soldiers, as they were scuttling the boats that lay in the stream. A bloody conflict was imminent.

The Rev. Thomas Barnard now appeared as a mediator between Leslie and the people. "You cannot," said he, "commit this violation against innocent men, here, on this holy day, without sinning against God and humanity. The blood of every murdered man will cry from the ground for vengeance upon yourself, and the nation which you represent. Let me entreat you to return." On the other hand, he called upon his

townsmen to adopt calm and moderate measures, and to consent to a peaceful adjustment of the troubles.

The counsel of the good man prevailed. The draw of the bridge was slowly lowered. Pickering and his men were drawn up in position on the other side. Leslie and his forces marched, by Pickering's consent, thirty rods across the bridge, and wheeling, returned to Marblehead and thence to Boston.

The cannon were safe; the British authority had been checked; the lives of our citizens were preserved; but a spirit had been roused which never slumbered until Salem had performed her part in the active service of the war, and had received with the country the rewards of an honorable peace.

This, fellow citizens, is the narrative of the interesting event. But I cannot leave the picture entirely, without calling your attention to the commanding figure which stands in the foreground of the scene. A young man, a graduate of Harvard, who had divided his leisure hours between teaching military tactics to the young men, and sacred music to the maidens, and who

earned a slender subsistence as a clerk in the Registry of Deeds of Essex county, appeared on this occasion for the first time in that public career which became so distinguished, so useful, so honorable to his country and mankind. It is evident that Timothy Pickering was the ruling spirit of that hour. Unused to public controversy, he rose at once above the excitement and alarm of the moment, took command of his men, and commenced a long and eventful life in which the self-possession and courage, which he then manifested, never forsook him. It cannot be said of him that he belonged to the ruling classes of this ancient town. But he was manifestly the embodiment of that stern purpose and true devotion which warmed every patriot heart in that day, and which won the respect and admiration of even those who had but little confidence in the cause. And he illustrates, as do few men in history, the power of unspotted integrity and of undoubted purity of purpose to control mankind even in the most adverse circumstances. He represented the best type of American revolutionary character; impetuous without being rash; resolute without impru-

dence ; sagacious without timidity ; stern without hardness ; patient, economical, honest ; and full of chivalry and audacity in a great cause,— of heroism in conflict, and entire simplicity in repose. It was he who kept this town up to the standard required by the great trials of the revolution, by the purity of his character and his commanding intellect, and also by the high position which he gained among the great men of his time. Superior to all the allurements of public life, he set an example of a pure devotion to public service, which gave us our strength in the beginning, and is our reliance at this hour. We cannot be too grateful as a people that he stands forth in our history as a model American statesman, illustrating the power of free institutions to develop the highest human attributes, and to enlist them in the work of creating and confirming popular government. With the stand at the North bridge for its historical event, and Timothy Pickering as its historical hero and sage, Salem has a right to claim a proud place in the history of our country.

And now, my fellow-citizens, I should be doing injustice to my own feelings, and I should dis-

appoint the natural and spontaneous sentiment of all who hear me, were I to neglect the usual congratulations and memories which spring up on a national day like this. We have heard much and said much of the power of the American people,—the greatness of the American Republic. For nearly a hundred years, the high hopes and expectations,—the great promises and brilliant fulfilment,—the intense and oppressive trials, and the sublime and victorious conflicts,—the dangers and escapes,—the disasters and the prosperity of our nation, have filled the thoughts and inspired the tongues of our greatest and best men, have arrested the attention of the wisest throughout the world. We who have shared the trials, and have enjoyed the privileges and blessings are never weary of the theme. The story never grows old. The events are as dear to us now as ever. The great thought which inspires the beginning, and which has irradiated all the career, now gives the power of perennial youth to this mature life and later day of our history. We turn with admiration, not to the century of our national existence alone, but to the two centuries and a half of

great protest, and developing communities, and struggling states, and advancing society, and independent thought, which have marked the course of the American people through all their civil and social changes, and which constitute the most interesting and important chapter in all human history. We are almost oppressed and bewildered by this wonderful record of constant and triumphant progress. We realize and thank God that the best, and highest, and the greatest has been preserved to us; and that as we have gone on increasing in material prosperity and power, the soundest and holiest doctrines of religion and humanity have lain at the foundation of our national greatness, and have been confirmed by all the victories of our great national contests. We realize and thank God, also, that those men who have made our country what it is,—the home of the independent citizenship, of social and civil equality, of sacred rights of property, of sound and honest popular instincts, of spontaneous hatred of dishonesty and crime, and love of honesty and truth,—have always been true to the wisest declarations and sublimest theories of the fathers from the beginning.

And so we rejoice, even for the thousandth time, in the undying courage and devotion of the Pilgrim who defied all the dangers of land and sea, tore up his old hearthstone and laid down a new one, counted life itself but cheap before the demands of his faith, patiently resigned his dearest loved ones, endured the horrors of disease and starvation and cold, cheerfully and triumphantly, all for freedom to worship God, and for the enjoyment of a government based on the consent, and conducted by the wisdom, of the governed. We rejoice and we have a right, to rejoice, day after day, in summer and winter, in seed time and harvest, that a free government was founded on board the Mayflower, the fruits of three centuries of protesting thought and martyrdom in England, and that this government was built upon the meeting-house and the school-house, as its chief corner-stones. We rejoice in that ancestry who read their bibles, and studied Magna Charta, generation after generation, preparing the popular mind for the freedom achieved by their sons. We rejoice in the calm spirit of Franklin, who called the earliest convention for independence and

who, while he served the King loyally, held higher allegiance to God, and his own soul, and the people. We love to hear of James Otis still, whose fiery eloquence inflamed the free spirit of Massachusetts ; of John Adams, the collossus of debate in the old continental congress ; of Samuel Adams, the man of the people, the simplest and most defiant of them all ; of Joseph Warren, who poured out his youthful blood on Bunker Hill, as the first libation on the altar of Freedom ; of Thomas Jefferson, declaring to an astonished world that all men are created equal, and have inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ; of Washington, whose calm and steady spirit throws a divine light over the infancy of that people, whom his wisdom and valor led through the desert, and whose system of government was made practical, and possible, and real, through his unambitious devotion, and his profound respect for the popular characteristics of those who entered upon the work of governing themselves ; of Abraham Lincoln, the prophet of the wilderness, the seer of the down-trodden and the oppressed, whose great instincts recognized

every throb of the popular heart, and brushed aside all sophistry and diplomacy, subduing all the intellectual trickery about him, in his religious faith in humanity, and his great toil for its redemption ; of the half million of heroes, who passed to a radiant immortality through the crimson gates of the great war for freedom, or who now devote their lives to the faithful and honorable service of the country they saved. We do not grow weary of this recital. And we look back in reverent admiration of the high thought and heroic endeavor which inspired and founded our nationality, and with an earnest desire to learn what those qualities were which accomplished such high purpose, and gave us such a rich inheritance.

And now let us never forget that our fathers were always greater than the circumstances, and accidents, and events by which they were surrounded. They seem to have been ever masters of the situation in which they were placed. The lapse of time and the rapid accumulation of historic incident, since the first blow was struck for freedom on this continent, have given to the colonial and revolutionary period a grandeur,

which, considering its actual reality, is unequalled in history. The work accomplished was so vast, that we have continually before our minds a vision of means as vast. To us, the victories are the achievements of great armies; the assemblies are a surging multitude of defiant patriots; the orators sway the great concourse; the captains stand forth surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of which war is capable; the people are a mighty people, driving an invader from the soil, and founding, by almost imperial decree, a great empire of freedom. But it was not so. We can hardly realize now the insignificance of the circumstances of our revolutionary history. The American Republic is indeed a great matter in our day—but it was a little fire which kindled it in the beginning. When the great words were uttered, there were no multitudinous audiences. When the great battles were fought, there were no hosts of armed men. When the great nation was founded, there was but a people feeble and few. Twenty thousand men constituted the American army. Three millions of scattered colonists were the defiant people. Massachusetts, with her province of

Maine, held but three hundred thousand. Boston was a small commercial town of thirteen thousand persons. Bunker Hill looked down upon the little village of Charlestown. Concord and Lexington were but hamlets. A Congress was a caucus of less than fifty men; its legislation had no binding force; its declarations were the rallying cry of Chieftains to their rebellious clans. One-half the people were reluctant—the other half desperate. One-half the colonies were determined to be free—the other half cared but little whether they were free or not. To the great powers of Europe, the contest was but the revolt of a few remote English dependencies, whose success would simply wrest from Great Britain a portion of her foothold on the American Continent.

What, then, has made this period so refulgent, —so in harmony with all the brightest periods of history,—so fit a beginning of all the great achievement which has followed,—the appropriate dawn of such a resplendent day? For its contemporaneous glory and charm, we may attribute something to the effect of locality and geographical position. The story of commercial

adventure and religious fervor, which surrounded the early settlement of the American colonies, had become familiar to every intelligent European, when those colonies commenced their revolt against the mother country. The chivalry and heroism of the days of John Smith, and John Carver, and Miles Standish, and John Endicott, had received a sort of romantic record in the annals of the times. Far off towards the setting sun was the land of all this fabulous enterprise and this pious devotion. Between the civilization of Europe, with its glittering wealth, its social and civil splendors, its long and varied career, from barbarism through all the phases of luxury and literature, and wretchedness and ignorance,—between this and the country of the Pilgrims, and the Cavaliers, of De Leon with his fountain of youth, and De Soto with his rivers flowing over golden sands, there rolled three thousand miles of stormy sea, comparatively unexplored, a terror to primitive commerce, renowned more as the highway of the Mayflower, than as the pathway of the argosies of great mercantile adventure. To the navigator, mankind still accorded the "*illi robur et æs triplex*," the heart

of oak and triple brass, which the old Latin poet had ascribed in his day to those who launched forth upon a narrower commerce on the stormy bosom of the Mediterranean. Beyond this vast and illimitable ocean, whose breadth was grotesquely exaggerated on all the charts of that day, lay a land of interminable forests, of bands of murderous and bloodthirsty savages, of roaring wild beasts, of rivers rising among the ice-clad hills of the north and flowing thousands and thousands of miles to cool the burning sands of the equator, a land stretching from sea to sea, wild, unexplored, uninhabited, dark, dismal and unknown. This country, so strange and wild, was recognized as the home of some of the best blood of Europe. But the heroic and untamable spirit which had brought that blood hither, had impressed upon the popular mind of Europe a deeper sense of the mystery which hung over this vast continent of untravelled mountain, and valley, and plain, and of darkness and gloom. The American problem was not only not solved, but it was not opened. Science had not mastered either its surface or its depths ; its physical geography was unknown ; its geological myster-

ies were unsounded; the capacity of its soil untested. The military adventures sent hither had resulted in hardship and disaster, equalled only by the modern expeditions to the Arctic seas. The horrors of the old French war, the sad death of Wolfe on the far northern heights of Abraham, the disastrous and sickening defeat of Braddock, ambushed in the savage depths of a western forest, had shed a heavier gloom than even nature herself had cast, over this wild and remote region. Removing to America was an act of desperation; living in America was an act of defiance; fighting in America was an act of audacity. And so it was that when our fathers struck for freedom, they found themselves entrenched behind a wide and trackless and unknown sea, and clothed with a panoply of courage, and virtue, and high character, which the early colonial history had thrown over them. Here they were, the heirs of a land which nature had fortified for them, heirs of institutions which, sheltered by the forest from the burning and withering glare of imperial power, had become a part of American civilization already, the church, the schoolhouse, and the town-meeting,

heirs of a bold and defiant spirit, and heirs of a position on the earth which gave them a romantic and mysterious interest, and made them an object of admiration to the chivalrous, and an object of contempt to the devotees of legitimacy and imperial power.

Fortunately planted, then, on these shores, they enjoyed an opportunity to proclaim the most liberal doctrines, to establish the most liberal institutions, and to pursue the most liberal policy with comparative impunity. They learned social equality through the relations established by their lives of hardship, in which they learned that one man was as good as another, and that wise counsel, judicious conduct of public affairs, commercial integrity, moral rectitude, and religious faith, belong to the great brotherhood of man, and are not to be monopolized by those who may be fortunate in birth and inheritance. They learned the lesson of civil rights in their town meetings and in their popular assemblies ; and, by their local governments, they swept away every barrier between man and his enjoyment of all the rights of property, his voice in the government under which he lives, his privileges

as a citizen, his opportunities as a member of a community based on freedom and equality. In this way it was that they became greater than the circumstances and events by which they were surrounded, and grew up to be entire masters of their situation. The wise men among them were wise not for their own day and for the circumscribed theatre in which they acted, but for a future day and future occasions of vastly greater magnitude and importance. John Adams spoke not for a continental congress alone, but for the legislative power of the most powerful republic in the world and of all time. Samuel Adams did not call together his caucus for the Boston of 1775 alone, but for the future capital of a populous, active, industrious, aspiring and well-organized commonwealth. Joseph Warren did not lay down his life to drive an invader from the soil of Massachusetts, but to teach all who might come after him how to fight for the freedom which they have proclaimed. George Washington did not leave his luxurious home and lead the armies of the Revolution, simply to record in the history of war a few names of battles and sieges, but to give those

names a significance in all coming time. Thomas Jefferson did not declare that "all men are created equal," as a rallying cry for the armies of the people in their early struggle against despotic power,—but as an inspiration for a great nationality, whose glory could not be complete until the great text of Independence had become the law of the land, and man, made in the image of his Maker, could stand upright before his fellow man, no one calling as master and no one answering as slave. Washington was greater than the revolution. Jefferson and Adams were greater than the Congress in which they sat. The work they had in hand was greater than the hour in which they performed it; as we should realize, who now enjoy the privileges which they secured for us, and witness the power of the free, and independent, and prosperous, and educated, and religious republic which they founded. It was, moreover, the grandeur of their enterprise which gave unusual weight to their counsels, and secured the obedience of those who were less wise than they. They met with a popular response it is true, because they uttered continually the voice of the people, demanding

their highest rights, proclaiming their most solemn duty, and speaking forth their noblest sentiments and their sublimest enthusiasm. But it is touching and amazing, to look back and see how solitary these great men were in their greatness. There was many a revolutionary hour, in which the people were either discouraged or benumbed by the weight of misfortune which pressed upon them. And nowhere, unless it be during the dark days of that first winter at Plymouth, when death was doing his fatal work in the little band, and John Carver, and Elder Brewster, and Edward Winslow, and William Bradford, bore the ark of the covenant alone at the head of the enfeebled column, and preserved the tables of the Lord for the guidance and blessing of future generations, nowhere, I say, unless it be in this sacred chapter of the world's history, can we find such a record of true greatness as that which our revolutionary fathers established, when they raised their minds to an understanding of the highest import of the hour in which they lived, and filled the people with hope and courage from their own great hearts.

With what a calm and majestic dignity they

bore themselves through all the trial! They believed in the practical application of the best doctrines of human government; and their belief was strengthened by the service which their ancestors had performed in this direction from the earliest settlement of the colonies. Their theory of government they set forth and established not as doctrinaires but as statesmen. They fought not for a new creed, but for the defence of an old one. Theirs was no feverish and spasmodic attempt to reform and reconstruct, but a bold and healthy effort to preserve and apply. In their own land their antagonisms were small,—their fidelity to the best thought of the hour having disarmed all those who from interest or conviction would obstruct the progressive current. Without prejudice, therefore, and with minds bent on perfecting the system of government which had been proclaimed by them for this republic, they entered upon their work. Not to defend a dogma, but to apply a principle of human right,—not to found a dynasty, but to give the people a constitutional government,—not to punish their opponents in the hour of victory, but to convert them,—was the business entrusted to their hands.

Wisely did they perform their duty. They were never misled by sophistry, nor blinded by their passions. But in all their application of the abstract views upon state and society so liberally offered them, they displayed unerring common-sense, and in the adjustment of the domestic and foreign complications which followed the war, they were guided by the most unwavering common honesty. They believed in the Declaration of Independence, and tried to live up to it; they believed in the honest payment of a national debt, and they accomplished it; they believed in faithful civil service, and they demanded it of all their public servants; they believed in republican simplicity, and they left, as a rich inheritance to their heirs, their record of simple and unostentatious civil organization. Whatever may have been their faults they were not incapable, or dishonest, or personally ambitious against the great work of government in which they were engaged. They were the intellectual and moral power of their day; and they left their own imposing monument for the reverence and admiration of all who should come after them.

And now, as the fathers of the Republic, in

their hour of trial, realized and avoided the dangers which lay all along their pathway, so far as human wisdom could, so we cannot be true to their memory or their trust without listening to the warning voice of our own day and generation. They learned for the first time that the government was made for the people and not the people for the government. So may we learn that it is not in accordance with republican institutions to call upon the government to perform what the citizens should perform, with an enlightened policy and guided by that law of free society, that the highest prosperity of one is the prosperity of all. May we avoid then, the approaching danger of leaning upon the government when we should rely upon ourselves, as we would avoid the corruption of a centralized power, polluted with schemes and jobs. Let us beware, then, of centralization and public and private extravagance.

And, finally, let me warn you against intellectual arrogance. The leaders of a republic of popular freedom and right must be learners as well as teachers. Our fathers never toiled so well and so effectively as when they listened

to the popular voice; and they never taught so well as when they embodied the best popular sentiment of their times into captivating phrase, and presented it in an attractive form to the popular mind. In this sense alone were they doctrinaires. No dogma ever took possession of their minds to the exclusion of practical wisdom, and of a just appreciation of the value of practical work. The governmental service of an educated republic must rest upon the common judgment of mankind, upon an enlightened sense of what is right, and just, and true, and practicable. The voice of the town-meeting must be heard as well as the voice of Congress. And while we provide education for our professions, for our engineers, and merchants and architects, and for the best of our farmers, each in his particular sphere, we must rely on the power of well-guided public opinion for the best conduct of public affairs. The introduction of ideologists, and theorists, and dogmatists, into controlling position can only end in confusion and disaster. Calm and watchful sagacity, sensitive honor, stern integrity, self-possessed judgment and independence, are the qualities which have given us

our most useful American statesmen. It is such as these who gave us our national existence,—and it is such as these who have extricated us from our difficulties, and led us out of danger. A broad and general culture, therefore, by observation and candid investigation, a culture which enlarges the heart and liberalizes an open mind, this alone can secure to a republic truly valuable service. When the soundest mental culture would serve the people, it must join hands with the people ; not to assert its supremacy, not to arrogate to itself superiority, not to rule, but for mutual guidance, support and instruction. So shall we still see, as generation follows generation, now a cultivated and philosophical Jefferson uttering the voice of the people, and now a prophetic Lincoln stepping from his solitude and making his great response for the people in turn. It is intellectual candor which works our honor ; it is intellectual arrogance which may work our irreparable harm.

Congratulating you on the opportunity which our republic affords for the exercise of man's best faculties, I close. Here may the press, rising above passion and prejudice, exert that mighty

influence which by right should belong to an intelligent, fair and honorable corps of public teachers, making a daily appeal to the public mind. Here may the orator, learning his highest duty from every call of humanity, justice and patriotism reach the sublimest purpose of eloquent speech. Here may the statesman perform a high and honorable service, whose foundations are the wants and necessities of a great people, toiling for the perfection of free institutions, and the elevation of every man up to the full enjoyment of their blessed and life-giving privileges. And here may we all, high and low, rich and poor, learn to respect each other, and to believe more and more, in those principles of state and society on which our republic rests, and by which it can fulfil its divine mission, and rise superior to difficulty and danger.

ADDRESS BY REV. EDMUND B. WILLSON.

ADDRESS.

To the fact of my having succeeded the Rev. Thomas Barnard, junior, (after several intervening pastorates,) as the minister of the North Church, I owe the honor of bearing a part in this day's proceedings.

On the 26th of February, 1775, Mr. Barnard was a young man of barely twenty-seven years of age, and had been settled but two years. His congregation was a large one, and had in it many persons of wealth, intelligence and social prominence. The principal of these were adherents of the British Crown in the contest which divided Massachusetts a hundred years ago, and with different degrees of zeal and activity supported that side, as against those who encouraged resistance to the royal authority. But the popular cause had its representatives also in Mr. Barnard's congregation, not few, nor insignificant men in the scenes we are commemorating. I have no means of naming the individuals of the one class

or of the other who were in their pews on that Sunday afternoon when Colonel Leslie's troops marched past the church doors on their way to the North bridge. But I have the means of bringing before you the usual aspect of that assembly as its pastor had looked down upon it from his high pulpit in the times shortly preceding that day, so far as to name a considerable number of the best known persons who were accustomed to attend upon his ministrations, and to assign to them their places in the spacious meeting-house which stood on the corner of Lynde and North streets. Let me point out to you, in their seats, first some of the more eminent of the loyalists.

Here, on the preacher's left hand, in the second pew from the pulpit, sits Doctor Edward A. Holyoke, the dignified gentleman and distinguished physician. Two pews beyond him, in the southwest corner, is Clarke Gayton Pickman, whose father, the late Col. Benjamin Pickman, senior, had been the most active and prominent among the founders of the society. In the pew next him, a little down the western side, on the preacher's left, is John Nutting, who had been

thirty-six years a ruling elder of the First church before he was elected to the same office in the North church. In the pew adjoining his, sits William Pickman, another son of the late Col. Benjamin Pickman. A little farther on, in the same range of wall pews is Henry Gardner, a merchant and graduate of Harvard College. Beyond him Francis Cabot, an eminent merchant. Farther along the same wall, Samuel Curwen, son of the Rev. George Curwen, a minister of the First church ; the son a Judge of Admiralty and a merchant, who left the country when hostilities broke out between the home government and the colonies, and remained abroad till after peace was declared. Andrew Dalglish is seated beyond him, a merchant and Scotchman, also a refugee loyalist a little later. In two wall pews a little to the right of him, and nearly opposite the pulpit, sit the brothers-in-law, Colonel and Judge William Browne and Joseph Blaney, Esq., the former a Judge of the Supreme Court, and, until the political troubles broke in upon all existing social relations, one of the most popular and influential men in the town, but who soon withdrew to England, and was subsequently made

Governor of Bermuda. Not to pursue this enumeration to a tedious length, Jacob Ashton, a a merchant and graduate of Harvard college, may be seen across the aisle, a little way east from Colonel Browne. On the minister's right hand, in wall pews, are, most distant, Benjamin Pickman, soon after a royalist refugee, son of the late Col. Benjamin Pickman, and brother of William and Clarke Gayton Pickman before mentioned ; then Weld Gardner, William Vans and James Hastie, in the order given. In the body of the house, nearly in front of the pulpit and a little to the right, Jonathan Goodhue.

Scattered among these prominent members of his congregation who were on the side of the British Government, Mr. Barnard saw others known as leading spirits among the patriots in opposition, fostering and organizing resistance to the oppressive acts of that same government, several of whom took a conspicuous part in the exciting scene at the North bridge, or had had a hand in making ready for use the guns, carriages and equipments which it was the object of Col. Leslie's expedition to capture. John Felt, pronounced the hero of the day by one

historian who has related the events of the day very fully, and who says of Felt that he kept close to Colonel Leslie from the time he left the Court house till he retired from the North bridge on his return to his transport, that he was the prompt and persistent remonstrant when the British commander threatened to fire on the crowd at the bridge, and of whom it is said that he strode out of church one Sunday, and nailed up his pew afterwards, because Mr. Barnard closed a petition with *God save the King !*— Captain John Felt sits out there on Mr. Barnard's right hand, and next to the minister's own family pew. Colonel, or Captain, Mason is nearly before the preacher, a little to the left, across the aisle from Judge Curwen. David Mason was the agent who had purchased, and was causing to be mounted and prepared for service the guns for which Colonel Leslie had come ; while his wife and daughters sitting there in pew No. 94, had assisted in the manufacture of 5000 flannel cartridges which were to make these cannon serviceable. There, too, among Mr. Barnard's hearers is to be seen Robert Foster the blacksmith, to whom the ironing of the carriages

had been entrusted, and whose smithy was near the bridge, on the north side, the place where the field pieces, if not now to be found, had lately been.*

It will be seen that not only Mr. Barnard, the minister, but several of his parishioners took a lively interest in the doings of the 26th of February, and had much at stake on the success or failure of Colonel Leslie's expedition. Colonel Mason, who lived near the church, was one of the first, perhaps the first to be informed by a faithful messenger from Marblehead of the approach of the troops. Hurrying to the meet-

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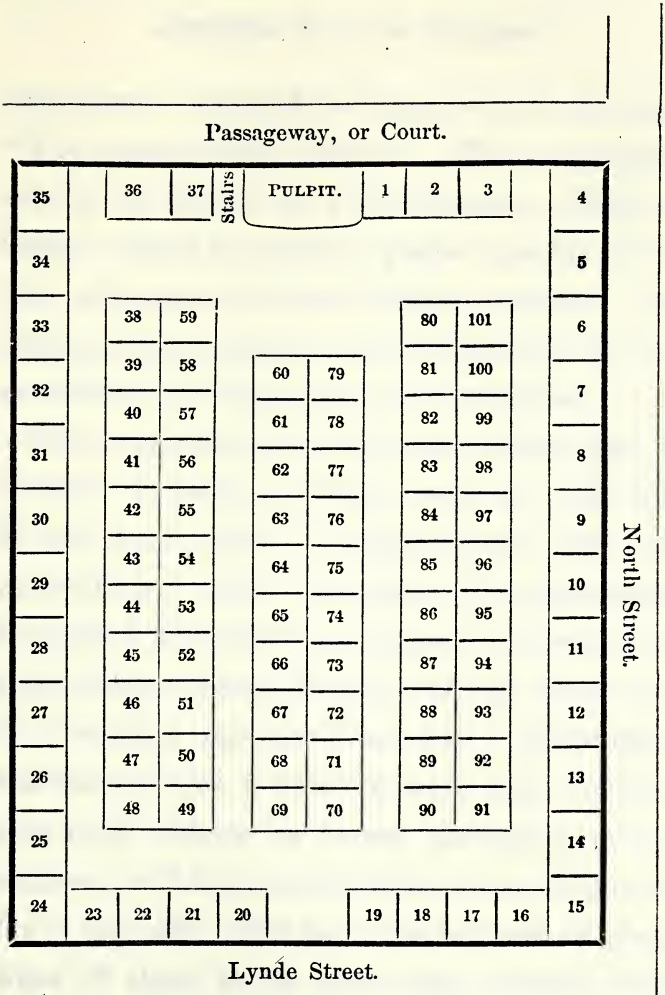
* Foster appears not to have been a pew-holder at this time, but was one of the original subscribers to the fund raised for building the North meeting-house in 1772.

There is scarcely room for a doubt that Paul Dudley Sargent was a member of the North society when Leslie's expedition occurred. His mother, Katharine (Winthrop) Sargent, and his half-brother, Judge William Browne, before mentioned, were members of the North Church at its formation, and Paul Dudley Sargent's name often appears on subscription lists of the North Church at a little later period. He was a son of Epes Sargent, born in Salem in 1745, entered the army in 1775, commanded a regiment under General Ward at Cambridge in 1776, was in several engagements, and was wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill. He removed to Boston in 1783, and afterwards to Sullivan, Maine, where, it is said, "he received, at one time, from Governor Hancock three commissions: Justice of the Peace; Judge of Probate; and Judge of Common Pleas;" and there he died Sept. 15, 1828, aged 83 years. A diagram is subjoined, which will place most of the before-mentioned parishoners of Rev. Mr. Barnard, in their respective and relative positions in the meeting-house.

Diagram of North Church, Salem, 1775.



2. Dr. Edward A. Holyoke,
4 & 5. C. G. Pickman,
6. John Nutting,
7. Wm. Pickman,
9. Henry Gardner,
10, 11. Francis Cabot,
12, 13. S. Curwen,
14. A. Dalgleisch,
17. Joseph Blaney,
18. Col. W. Browne,
23. Jacob Ashton,
28. Col. B. Pickman,
29. James Hastie,
30. Weld Gardner,
32. John Felt,
33. Minister's Pew,
37. James Hastie,
38. W. Vans,
58. Jonathan Gooodhue.
94. David Mason.

ing-house he shouted the alarm cry at the door: "The regulars are coming!" The congregation was in the streets in a few minutes. Bells and drums rallied the town's people quickly to the line of march of the British soldiers; some curious, some anxious, some resolved; all in an excitement of expectation and suspense.

The scene at the bridge has often been described. I need not linger over it. The office of the man whom I commemorate here more particularly to-day was that of a peacemaker. He joined his people and repaired at once to the spot where Colonel Leslie and his troops came to a sudden and unwilling halt. Undoubtedly the colonel was a resolute man, and would not turn back without an honest attempt to take the cannon; and he was not afraid of the danger that lay in his path. But here was a crowd of people, some of them to be sure only curious lookers on, and a few, may be, wishing that the British soldiers might effect their purpose, but the greater part closing well up in front, some on one side the bridge some on the other, some down in the boats, a few sitting on the edge of the uplifted draw itself, but all closing in well about

the front,—a body of men just as determined that those soldiers should not proceed farther on their errand, as the soldiers were that they would not turn back leaving it unaccomplished. One rash act of violence, a shot, a blow, a forward movement of the armed men, and there was a magazine of exasperated passion ready at any moment to blaze into open and bloody conflict. If that should happen no man could foresee the end.

It was not in the nature of Thomas Barnard to stand timidly in the back-ground when stirring events like these were going forward. He had inclined to support the British ministry in the beginning of its controversy with the American colonies, and probably was not yet able to see the possibility of successful resistance. But he was a lover of liberty and of justice, and made the case of the suffering, however humble, his own. His sympathies were quick, and doubtless drew him on this occasion alternately in opposite directions. So, now, with an intense realization of the critical state of affairs, he sought to avert a collision which might devote the town to destruction, possibly, and to his apprehension would

be likely to accomplish no result which a patriot could desire.

But he appreciated the situation. He knew the temper and the character of such men as Felt, Mason and Pickering, and knew that it would not be they who would yield. He never thought of preventing bloodshed by trying to persuade them to give the soldiers passage. There is no evidence that he was not as willing as they to refuse it. His expostulation was addressed to the British officer alone. It was not well received. "And who are you, sir?" answered Leslie to his remonstrance, turning sharply on him. The young minister stood his ground, replying with proper spirit and a decent dignity: "I am Thomas Barnard, a minister of the gospel, and my mission is peace." There is no contempt to be thrown upon this figure. He is a minister and he counsels peace, as is becoming. But there is no weakness in him, no giving back. He faces the angry officer. He will not be silent. He is rightfully there, and will not leave his exasperated and imperilled neighbors to their fate. He stays the full hour and a half that the altercation lasts; stays at the centre of the conference; furthers

the suggested compromise by which honor is to be saved on the one side, and no guns lost on the other. Nor did he leave the place till the return march for Marblehead Neck was begun.

Permit me now a few words respecting the service rendered by this man, and by such men in like emergencies. It is easily overlooked.

Courage is always admirable. There is never danger that the bold, forward step in the face of peril will fail of applause. Courage united with prudence, even restrained by prudence, while it may render still greater service, is often lost sight of, and even seems a time-serving timidity, and to need apology. Thomas Barnard did as Timothy Pickering had done before him, and with the same motive, sought to avoid violence as long as it could be avoided without loss of honor, or of the country's cause. We do not rate the courage of Pickering any the less true courage because he studied the right time and place to make a stand, and waived the opportunity to make it before that time came. Six months before Leslie's expedition, the Salem Committee of Correspondence called a town meeting to choose deputies to meet other deputies from other

towns of the county, at Ipswich, "to consider of, and determine on, such measures as the late acts of Parliament and our other grievances render necessary and expedient." For this, some members of the committee,—Timothy Pickering first, —were arrested at the command of Governor Gage, and brought by the Sheriff before Colonel Frye, the Justice issuing the warrant, and required to recognize in £100, without sureties, to appear at the next Superior Court and answer. Some were for resisting at this point. The advice of Colonel Pickering, however, was to give the recognizance. The proceedings of the Justice had been regular. There was no danger of conviction. It would in no wise prejudice their cause. While: "If we oppose now," he wrote about it, "and the Governor should persist in his attempt to execute the laws, a tumult and carnage must ensue." These reasons prevailed with his colleagues, as they had convinced himself. Here is illustrated the discretion which makes up no issue prematurely; and postponing the crisis till the time is ripe, seeks also if it can, to place the responsibility of becoming the peace-breaker upon the opponent. The long forbearance

of the colonies was as wise as it was magnanimous and right. It gave time for their further political education, for further consolidation of their strength, and the deeper rooting of their purpose; and so more perfectly united them in spirit, and made their final resistance more effective when the time had fully come.

We saw the like advantage gained in our late civil war, by a patient waiting for the opportune moment to strike, and by the late and reluctant acceptance of the gage of battle; which to many seemed at the time an unworthy parleying when it was time to act. Many were out of patience. They thought it a fatal dilatoriness to confer, and consider propositions of adjustment, and to hold terms with the representatives of rebellious states; and so it would have been if there had been danger that the question at issue would become obscured by delay. But if that true issue was likely to be becoming continually more distinctly visible to the general perception the more it was set in many lights, it was a gain. As it was, every day it became plainer that it was a question affecting the nation's life. Every day it became plainer

that it *must* be met, and that there was no possibility of avoiding it long. And finally, the unmuzzling of the guns upon Fort Sumpter at one stroke welded the loyal North into one mind and purpose, and made all ready to go forward as they had not been before. It was well that the collision was not invoked sooner ; and that the first uplifting of the hand of strife was not upon the nation's side. Abraham Lincoln seemed to many too forbearing and temporizing. But his wisdom stands approved to-day, while his courage has never been impeached.

The just narrowly escaping a collision at the North bridge makes the twenty-sixth of February a day of less note than the nineteenth of April of the same year : the name of Salem less often writ in the annals of the opening revolution than Concord and Lexington. Yet the spirit was the same, the people were the same, the resolve was the same. The act was essentially the same. Had Colonel Leslie been as rash at Salem as Major Pitcairn was at Lexington, in ordering his men to fire, what occurred in Middlesex would in its main features have taken place in Essex. The postponement, if the conflict was to come,

was a gain. An increasing exasperation ; a deepening sense of wrong ; a firmer determination ; some more gathering of men and supplies ; a more full uncovering of the purpose of the government not to relax its assumptions a hair's breadth, nor to hear to reason : these strengthened the will and hardened the resolution of our fathers to their task. It was a great gain.

The wise student of history reads of *men*, of *character*, under all events. It is only men who have a good cause at heart, and who see the principles involved in the contests through which they pass and in which they participate, who make history which it profits to read. Dashing movement, the sweep of armed hosts, the substitution of republics for monarchies, and of monarchies again for republics—revolutions, all—do but lead us at last, by whatever road, to men and their motives. Wherever in these we find those principles of conduct predominate which carry human welfare forward, which better human society, and ennoble individual character, such as honor, rectitude, equality of rights for all, there we trace the career of a people whose part will be no ignoble or insignificant one among such as render service to mankind.

The question put to Thomas Barnard by Colonel Leslie was really the question of questions that day. WHO ARE YOU? If King and ministers had but known the true answer to that inquiry, in its widest applications to the men of all these American colonies, they would have left the frugal, hardy, intelligent, self-reliant colonists in peace.

Duties yet remain which will show of what stuff *we*, the children of those fathers, are. We have our own battles to fight. If with enemies that beat no drums, and marshal no lines, enemies not the less real or formidable. And

> "Life may be given in many ways,
> And loyalty to truth be sealed
> As bravely in the closet as the field,
> So generous is Fate:—
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
> Thy God in these distempered days,
> Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of his ways,
> And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
> Bow down in prayer and praise!
> O Beautiful! my country! ours once more!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> What words divine of lover or of poet
> Could tell our love and make thee know it,
> Among the nations bright beyond compare."

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